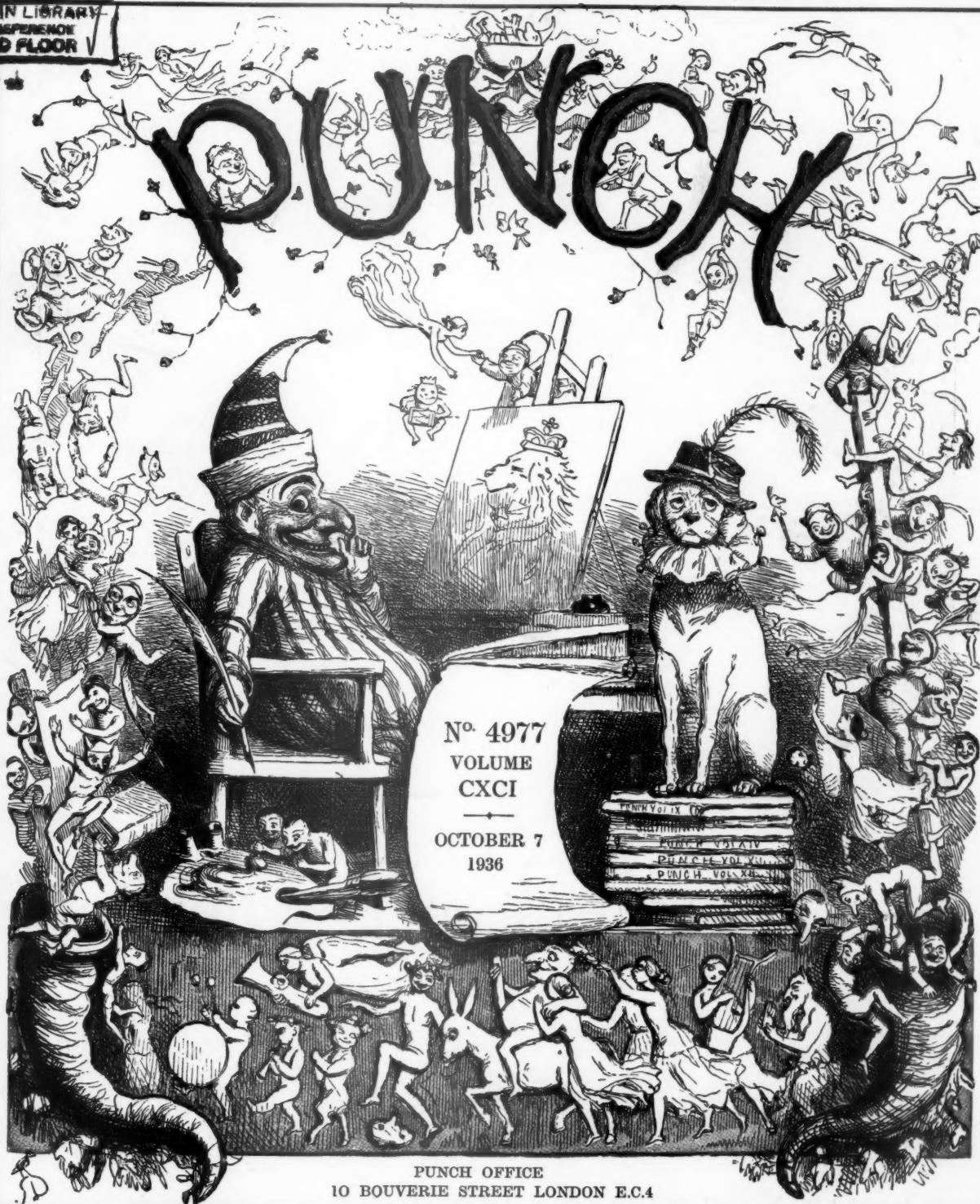


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Charivaria

A BOTANIST is of the opinion that plants are subject to colds. Our special sympathy goes out to any hay that may be suffering from hay fever.

★ ★ ★

Europe has apparently moved fifteen feet nearer the United States in the last five years. Stands Scotland where she didn't use to?

★ ★ ★

We see it mentioned that a woman recently made an after-dinner speech lasting exactly an hour. Which proves once more that the speeches of the female are more deadly than the male.



that he didn't pose as an actor.

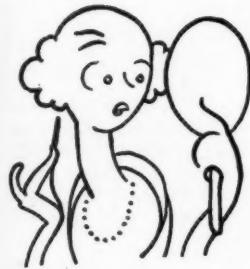
A woman-writer mentions ten different kinds of lotions and oils produced for sun-bathers. And all for a tanner!

★ ★ ★

"If my boy wants to become a racing motorist I shall not stand in his way," states a writer. And so say all of us.

★ ★ ★

A man describing himself as an actor has been accused of posing as an M.P. Suspicions were presumably aroused when it was discovered



What on earth does he want leaves for?

★ ★ ★

The burglar known as "Flannel Foot," who wraps flannel on his feet to deaden his footsteps, is now believed to be a gang. The origin of this belief may be the fact that when he breaks into a maisonette or flatlet he changes his name to "Flannelette-Foot."

★ ★ ★

A Shepperton boatman says that he has never known such a wretched season. We understand that he is to be elected an honorary farmer.

★ ★ ★

"There are no Chinese swear-words," affirms a writer. For many centuries of course they didn't need any, and when European culture did arrive there proved to be no more room in the language.

★ ★ ★

Now that it is possible for a woman to become Lord Mayor of London, the opinion in civic circles is that feminists will never be satisfied until there is a Lord Mayor's Coachwoman.



they had met before.

★ ★ ★

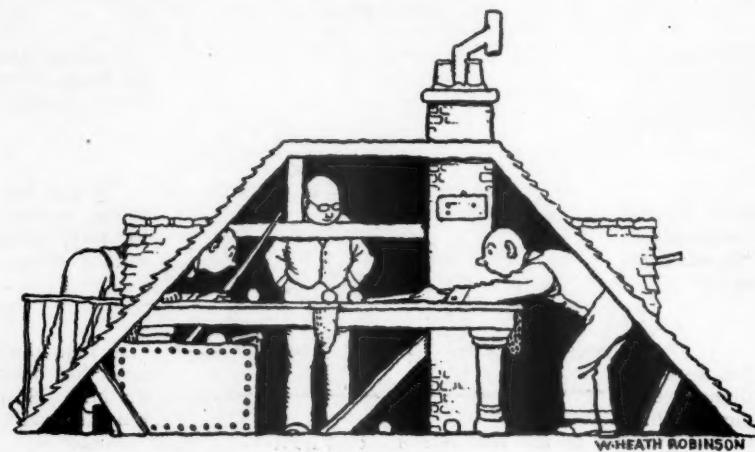
Finding a lion that had escaped from a circus in his room, a Brantree gentleman stared at it for three minutes and thus probably saved himself from being attacked. If he had been our Uncle James, it would merely have meant that he was trying to remember where

Attention is drawn to a striking resemblance between the film representation of MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF and Mr. GEORGE ARLISS. It's quite astonishing how many celebrities strikingly resembled him.



A skinless sausage has been invented. So now it only remains for someone to invent a sausage with no contents either, and we'll be within sight of the perfect vacuum at last.

★ ★ ★



FLAT-LIFE
THE PLAYROOMETTE

The Arab Farmer's Calendar

January: Both the wheat and barley which you have sown with the autumn rains should now be well up. If, owing to a mild winter, the corn is too far advanced it should be grazed off by animals to ensure a stronger and heavier growth. Turn in your camels and goats by night, and at early dawn remove them and drive on to the corn the animals of your neighbour Mohammed. At once complain to the Governor and obtain compensation for damage from Mohammed. Invest proceeds in millet seed for sowing in February.

February: Put in millet seed and make earliest sowing of cucumbers and melons. Set up lower jaw of camel in a conspicuous position on the Mecca side of your garden to scare away the afrits (evil spirits) that cause blight.

March: Plant Bamia (Ladies' Fingers) and Mulokia (Spinach) and make further sowings of melons and cucumbers. Burn hyæna bones to windward to prevent the depredations of cut-worm. If hyæna bones are not available, those of the pi-dog or goat may be substituted, but for really successful results the bones should be those of the hyæna.

April: Fertilise date-palms, and if you do not possess a male palm make a note of a suitable one in your neighbour's grove and remove the flower-

spike by night after the police patrol has passed. Purchase written verse of the Koran from the village scribe and tie it up in the trees to ensure a heavy crop and to keep off the evil eye of the unbeliever.

May: Winter herbage having died off with the approach of summer, it is necessary to provide camels and sheep with extra forage. The animals therefore should be turned loose on the water-melon cultivation of any member of the tribe against whom you have a grudge. Milch camels especially will benefit from the immature melons.

June: Prune and cut back all oranges and citrus fruit. If the garden of a Jew should adjoin yours, oblige him by root-pruning his trees, i.e., cut right back to the roots. In view of the impending Agricultural Show, study the gardens of your neighbours carefully and make a note of any good exhibits that might go to improve the standard of your own entry.

July: Harvest melon and cucumber crops. Take full advantage of Customs barrier by purchasing fruits in Egypt for sale in Palestine, and *vice versa*. Even if you make a loss over these transactions you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have done down two Governments, and after all what is the point of a Customs barrier if one does not evade it?

August: This is the silly season in the East as in England, and little work is required in the garden. Look over all futile land cases that have failed and select the silliest and most hopeless for re-hearing.

September: See above, and appeal against the Governor's decision. If that fails, write an anonymous letter to the High Commissioner making accusations of bribery against the Governor and remove the boundary-marks of your opponent by night.

October: This is the rainy season. Construct a dam on your land to lead off water from the wadi (water-course). Be most careful of your levels, as the point to be aimed at is not so much the irrigation of your own garden as the deprivation of your neighbour of his share of the water.

November: If you have not already done so, eat up all the seed-corn you have saved for the autumn sowing.

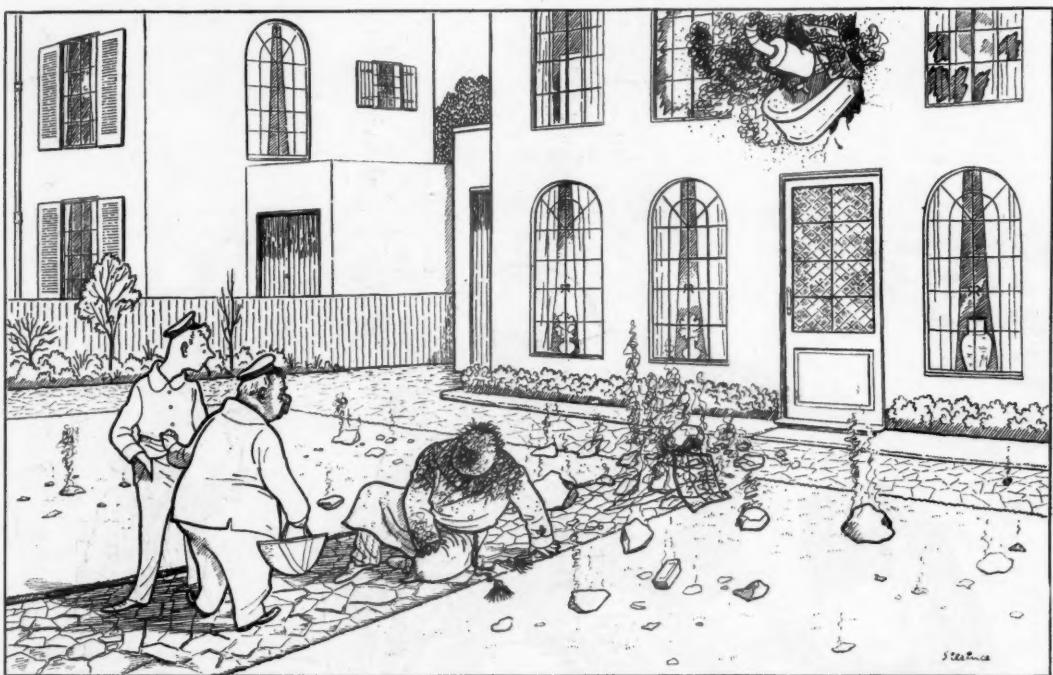
December: Complain to the Governor and state that you are a poor man and have no seed-corn. Obtain Government free issue by bribing the clerk, sell two-thirds to the local corn-merchant and sow the remainder. Balance up accounts for the past year, and if a loss is shown, apply for a post in the police or smuggle a load of hashish into Egypt.



ORDER FIRST; OR, THE PROBLEM OF PALESTINE

ARAB. "WHERE DO I COME IN?"

BRITISH TOMMY. "WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT, MATE; BUT THIS IS WHERE I DO."



"AN' WE WAS JUST COMING TO HAVE A LOOK AT THAT GEYSER."

Don'ts for Directors

I HAVE been reading in *The Author, Playeright and Composer* (a publication for authors, playwrights and composers) what is a fairly comprehensive list of the subjects, scenes and expressions deemed objectionable by the Hollywood censors—known as the Hays Office, and no connection whatever with proteins. It is a good list and I am not going to cavil at it. If Hollywood doesn't like the word "lousy," well and good; that only means that one or two of us in the Old Country can still learn something in the way of good breeding from the capital of the motion-picture world. But it doesn't go deep enough. Sound as the Hays office-boys are on sex and obscenity, eminently wise as are their observations on the treatment of religious faiths and national feelings, still one has got to admit that in some ways their outlook is narrow. There are other scenes worthy of rebuke besides those which elevate insobriety or throw ridicule upon clergymen. The illegal drug traffic is not the only subject which makes the cinema-goer squirm in his seat. Speaking at random and without much thought, I venture to suggest the following additions to the proscribed list issued by the H.O.:—

Washing

The spectacle of large fat men performing their *morning ablutions* in their pyjama-trousers is no longer required. The triumphs won by EMIL JANNINGS and WALLACE BEERY in this field have encouraged a host of less gifted washers, whose antics at the tub tend, in the opinion of the Board, to depress rather than raise the general level of human happiness.

Shaving scenes, when handled with decorum, are not condemned.

Gun-Play

The shooting of stool-pigeons in telephone-boxes can no longer be tolerated. In a certain type of film this practice has become so invariable that an intelligent audience automatically assumes that *any man who enters a telephone-box is doomed*. The result is to inculcate in the minds of regular film-goers a most undesirable *telephone-box-phobia*. Cases have been reported of persons trembling so pitifully when attempting to use the public telephones that they have been unable to insert the necessary coins. Stool-pigeons, narks, squeakers, double-crossers, dirty rats and others should be shot in low-class saloons; or, if the sound of splintering glass is considered essential to the plot, through windscreens, the panes of enclosed shower-baths, etc.

District Attorneys should be shot more often.

Doors

The doors of living-rooms should not, except in the case of very rich families, exceed forty feet in height.

Improper Treatment of Alcohol

While recognising that *champagne-glasses* in restaurants and night-clubs must be filled right up to the brim, the Board desires it to be known that there are ways of achieving this without slopping an equal quantity of fluid over the

table-cloth. It is unnecessary, for example, to turn a full bottle completely upside-down in order to extract the contents. Directors should try hard to remember that 99% of cinema audiences cannot afford champagne more than three or four times a week, and they expect to see it treated with the reverence its price deserves.

Tumblers of whisky need not invariably be polished off at a single gulp with the head well back and the eyes shut. If the whisky obtainable in Hollywood is still of a kind to make this desirable, steps should be taken to introduce a superior brand.

Scenes of Reconciliation

All kinds of disgusting and degrading scenes of reconciliation between husband and wife, such as those effected through the agency of their little girl, are to be rigorously avoided. In no circumstances will the Board allow any child to be represented drawing the heads of its father and mother together by placing an arm round the neck of each. The use of the expression, "Why, Dadda, you're ewyng!" is particularly objectionable in this context.

Scenes in which the expiring villain tells the hero that he ain't bearin' no ill-will, Tony, make the Board sick.

News-Films

The following subjects are absolutely forbidden:—

The ceremony of Beating the Bounds at Bumble Abbas.

Lady Boom launching the sloop *Derelict* at Spitalfields.

The Carnival at Nice.

Films which Every Woman Should See

Depicting a Society Girl's Choice between her Love for Three Men and her Career.

Films which every woman should see depicting a Society girl's choice between her love for three men and her career are barred.

That is all I can think of for the moment. Perhaps film-goers will kindly add their own recommendations to the list.



THE BRITISH CHARACTER

INTEREST IN NATURAL HISTORY

Cheenged Days

AH've wrought this mill the maist o' saxty year,
When folk frae hauf the coonty cam' tae grind;
Thon were the good auld days o' muckle gear—
Beans, barley, aits, an' meal o' ilk a kind,
When aye the spray was flying high abune,
An' aye the wheel gaed roon'.

But noo it seems there's nae mair price for wheat,
And a' the farmers feeds thae foreign aits,
And staps their stirk wi' state-assistit beet—
A' tapsalteerie, they can gang their gaits.
Yon Agricult'ral Meenister's a loon—
Hoo can the wheel gang roon'?

The English shooting-tenant ben the Hoose,
He's ettlin' noo tae mak' electric licht;
He's gaun tae hairness up the river Moose,
The way his freens can play at bridge a' nicht.
But Ah'll be *through*—his chuffour frae the toon
Can gar the wheel gang roon'!

"SOCIALISTS WALK OUT OVER MAYOR"

Headline in Daily Paper.

We hope, with due regard for the Corporation.

"Sir,—With reference to your letter in to-day's *Straits Echo*, I am informed by one who has had a wide experience of Drums in many parts of the World, that the proper beats of the side drum are Tat Tat Ta Ta Tum Tum not as suggested by 'Solo Drummer.' My informant states that the Tat Tat Ta Ta Tum Tum in special cases often becomes Tat Tum Ta Ta Tum Tat according to the occasion. He prefers personally the Ta Ta Tit Tit Tum Tum Tum as played by the Grenadiers. Yours etc."—*Letter in Penang Paper*.

Our own feeling is that, to avoid confusion, Ta Ta ought to come at the end.

Garden Rubbish

By the Authors of "1066 And All That"

PLANNING THE MODEST PLOT

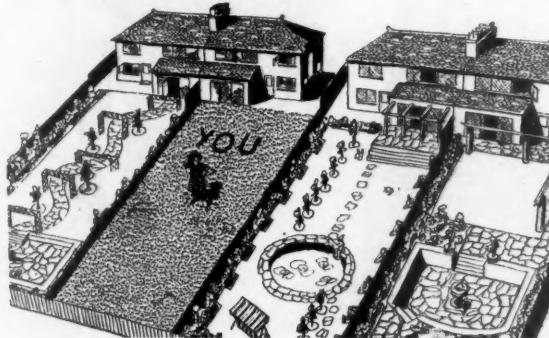
"Only at the behest of the provident will our Mother Earth yield up her benison of bud and blossom."

Dean Nuisance ("The Garden Bountiful")

"Your garden is your own funeral."

Capt. Pontoon ("Monday Morning in My Garden")

In order to make a clean start (you'll get dirty enough before you're through) let us imagine that at present your modest plot is not a garden at all, only a flattish place (of the usual oblong shape) on which in theory it will be possible to grow things some day—



What next? Well, all the best Garden Books and even some real gardens begin with a *plan*. It is time you started planning the plot, or at least plotting the plan. So take a modest piece of foolscap (*Hieratica Basildonii*) and plot out a modest list of all the things you will require in your garden.

THE MODEST PLAN

1. You will certainly require a herbaceous border, a lawn, a box hedge, a rosery, a gravel path and a rockery.

2. It is usual nowadays to have a crazy pavement, a sundial, some terra-cotta dwarves and a flagstaff, or at least a pole for the wireless.



DEAN NUISANCE

3. Your wife will demand a kitchen-garden, an orchard, a garden-seat, a sandpit for the children and a lovely goldfish pool (with water-lilies).

4. You yourself would like a spot of topiary, a rain-gauge, a eucalyptus tree, a putting links, and a lovely pagoda—like the one at Kew only smaller, if necessary. (It was Mr. Knatchbull Twee's idea, but you cribbed it, you wicked thing.)

5. Neighbours would be impressed if you had a tennis-court, a croquet-field, and, if they can recognize one, a Pleasaunce.

6. The bottom of the garden will inevitably become an *Unpleasaunce*, centering round a bonfire emplacement; so to make up for that, how about a gazebo, a haha, a rhododendron-drive, and a viney—they give tone to a place?

7. Meanwhile the children are clamouring for a see-saw, a goat, a hee-haw, a swing, a bathing-pool, a Zoo, and a monkey-puzzle.

8. Everyone of course has a shrubbery and a summer-house, though (according to Capt. Pontoon) no one has the slightest idea what for.

9. A tool-shed is essential, and some deck-chairs (to put in the summer-house), and a "rustic table" (for wood-lice to get into the bark of).

10. You will never achieve a *riot of colour* unless you have a greenhouse (or at least a cold-frame), some green fingers and of course a huge orange-and-blue umbrella.

11. Knatchbull (Mr. Twee) did just suggest a lotus-grove and a fountain and a statue of Priapus (or at least of Peter Pan).

12. And the Dean would be delighted to "chance upon" a Primrose Path—leading (of course) to the everlasting bonfire. . .

You see, planning is not so easy after all; one way and another there seem to be rather a lot of things to fit into your teeny-weeny acre; one way and another (remember, you are *on trial*) there seem to be rather a lot of things to *Love*.

Are you quite sure, for instance, that you can love the sundial, the gazebo, the flagstaff, your wife and the monkey-puzzle all at once, all the time, all with the same frenzied devotion?

(Or would it be safer to chuck gardening and concentrate on your wife, the children, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer?)

We are reminded (alas) of GERTRUDE JEKYLL's tersely brilliant comment: "In garden arrangement one has not only to acquire a knowledge of what to do, but to gain some wisdom in perceiving what it is well to let alone."

And of Angus MacFungus's verbose but even more inspired ejaculation: "Mony a mickle mucks a mackle" (for ejaculating which once too often he was piped off the estate by the Earl of MacMuckle in 1883).

And even if you feel bungful of love for Everything, hadn't you better just glance for a tiny second at your dwarf-income and your teeny-weeny Bank Balance?

You agree? Very well, then, let us sharpen our pencil (as the Dean would say) and set about Thinning Out the Plan, Cutting Back our Hopes, Pruning Ambition, for, as the dear Dean observes (*Life's Little Difficulties*, p. 843): "If we cannot cultivate Economy within our little plot we shall assuredly cultivate little else," and, as A. MacFungus says: "Wha canna thole wi' mickle maks unco' muckle dree" (*Angus MacFungus, "Collected Meaningless Sayings of,"* unpublished—touch wood).

PRUNING THE PLAN

Subject to your approval, we submit the following consolidation or concentration of the Plan, by means of which we hope you will be able to gratify most of your



ANGUS MACFUNGUS



CAPT. PONTOON

ambitions and the good Dean, without having to purchase the whole County:—

1. (a) Cancel Goldfish Pool (with lilies).
(b) Concentrate Goldfish (less lilies) in Rain-gauge.
(c) Put rain-gauge in fountain.
(d) Now push fountain into summer-house.
Bravo!
2. (a) Plant monkey-puzzle in bathing-pool.
(b) Place garden-seat under monkey-puzzle.
(c) Consolidate bathing-pool in centre of croquet-pitch (new game—water-croquet).
Well-pruned!

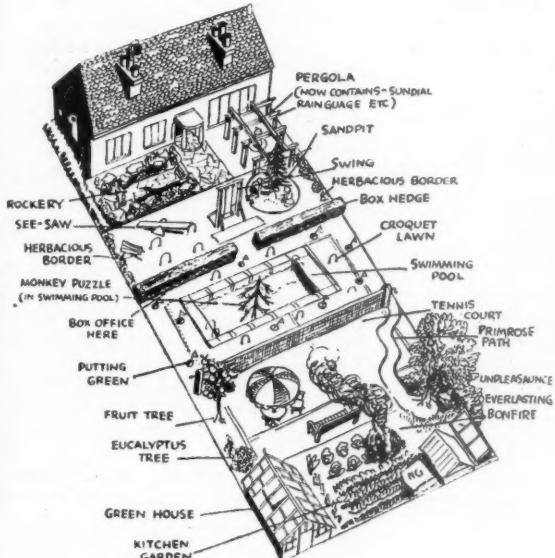


FIG. 1

3. Store Sundial in pagoda.

N.B.—Before doing this, tear off dial, cement on to own head, thus enabling self to bow to neighbour and ask for right time with some hope of getting right answer.

- (b) Think carefully about pagoda. Visualise pagoda. Gradually regret pagoda. For PAGODA read PERGOLA.

Well read, Sir!

4. Superimpose (a) Putting-links on croquet-lawn.

- (b) Croquet-green on tennis-lawn.
(c) Tennis-lawn on lawn.

Note.—If, later on, unsporting tennis-players complain of catching their feet in the croquet hoops and falling into the bathing-pool, or spraining their ankles in the golf-holes, point out firmly that *it isn't cricket*.



KNATCHBULL TWEED

5. (a) Wring out eucalyptus-tree on to lump of sugar.
(b) Throw away husk.

- (c) Give sugar to snivelling children.
Well-thinned!
6. Either (a) Store gazebo and haha in library for use in crossword-puzzles;
or (b) Wrap up haha, terra-cotta dwarves, flag-staff, see-saw, rustic table and all other nuisances (including Dean Nuisance) in the gazebo and sacrifice them to Priapus on the bonfire emplacement.
Heil, HITLER!

WHAT'S LEFT IN THE PICTURE?

“Having laid out the Garden, the next thing is to lay out the gardener.”—*Capt. Pontoon, “A Realist's Garden,”* p. 55.

Having thus eliminated some rather unlovable rubbish you are left, as a practical gardener, with a herbaceous border, a rockery, a rose-garden, a kitchen-garden, a greenhouse, a tool-shed, a cold-frame, a pergola, a box hedge, a primrose path, an Unpleasance (including bonfire emplacement) and a novelty Combination-lawn.

The swing, the orchard, the sandpit and the umbrella will of course have to be accommodated on the Combination-lawn somewhere near the bathing-pool, which, you will remember, now contains the monkey-puzzle and the garden-seat.

Perhaps the best thing to do next would be to draw a picture of the result (see Fig. 1) and see how much you love it.

(To be continued.)

To September

IN normal years you wear a smiling mien,
Calm and serene,
Inspiring bards effusively to bless
Your “amber air” and “mellow fruitfulness,”
Save when, from o'er the Atlantic,
With gestures corybantic,
The equinoctials in their serried hosts
Ravage our gardens and erode our coasts.
But in this year, enlisting the nefarious
Activities of Aquarius,
Your water-pots have far too freely dripped
On people insufficiently equipped
With gumboots and goloshes,
Brollies and mackintoshes.

Wherefore, although you have restored
The oyster from his bed to grace our board,
And made the general outlook look less blank
By the devaluation of the franc,

I leave you, disappointing Sept.,
Without a pang, unhonoured and unwept,
To welcome “chill” October, who at least
Brings recreation both to man and beast,
When the stout sportsman hunts
Amid the glory of “autumnal tunts”
Reynard's elusive cub,
And elder folk, before they splash and scrub,
Allay the glacial rigours of their tub. C. L. G.

It's Quicker to Telephone.

“Mailing a letter means merely stepping into the hall—or holding the living room door open with one hand and dropping it into the chute with the other.”—*Detroit Paper*.

As Others Hear Us

The Rendezvous

"WHAT about lunch?"
"Oh, nothing."

"Nonsense; you must go somewhere. I tell you what, let's meet."

"Oh, I can't. It's utterly impossible. I can't be anywhere at any time. It just isn't possible."

"But could you if I met you, anywhere in the whole world and any time from breakfast onwards, *literally*?"

"It's frightfully nice of you. I suppose I could, in a way. I don't mean that I wouldn't love to, of course, but it just seems hopeless. I suppose near the British Museum would be too utterly fantastic?"

"No, I could do the British Museum. I could do the British Museum any time between twelve and a quarter-to-two. But where?"

"There's a place called *Hop o' me Thumb*, but it's mostly baked beans."

"I don't mind that, but the only thing is I don't really think I can get there in time. I thought I could, but now I think I can't. Would Kensington High Street be any good to you? Only it couldn't be one second before half-past-one—if that."

"Of course Kensington High Street is entirely baked beans, from end to end."

"No, really it's not. There's a place at the corner of one of those streets on the left-hand side below the

antique shop where one can get chicken and things quite cheap."

"Honestly, I didn't mean cheapness. Anyway, I don't much care for cheap chicken—do you? I mean, I'd rather go to a Ye Olde Currant Bunne place and have done with it."

"So would I. Besides, anyway, now I come to think of it, I shan't be anywhere near Kensington. That was simply my hair when I thought it was going to be Jamie's party, but Jamie's party is Wednesday, so instead of my hair I'm doing poor Aunt Florence in her nursing-home."

"If that's Wimpole Street or Harley Street or one of those, it's hopeless. Nobody eats in that sort of neighbourhood at all."

"I suppose the nearest would be Oxford Street or Piccadilly. I tell you what—do you know *The Bonnet String*?"

"Yes, but it's rather the sort of place where the cakes are terribly good and they have home-made jam and fudge, and everything else is foul. Still, I don't mind *The Bonnet String* a bit."

"Oh, well, if it's fudge and raspberry-jam, I don't think we'd better. Not after poor Aunt Florence and the British Museum. We shall need something."

"Do you mean drink?"

"Oh, no, not drink. That's so expensive. Besides, I rather hate it really, except at a party. I meant something more like a outlet, or even scrambled eggs. Aunt Florence is certain to be fearfully depressing."

"I suppose she is. The British Museum can be pretty wearing too when it's all research work. Shall we be frightfully dashing and go to my club?"

"Oh, that'd be marvellous! Only wouldn't it be a bit out of the way?"

"So it would. Victoria is such miles from anywhere except just Victoria, and I haven't really anything whatever to do down there."

"Well, we shall just have to eat at a Popular Café, that's all."

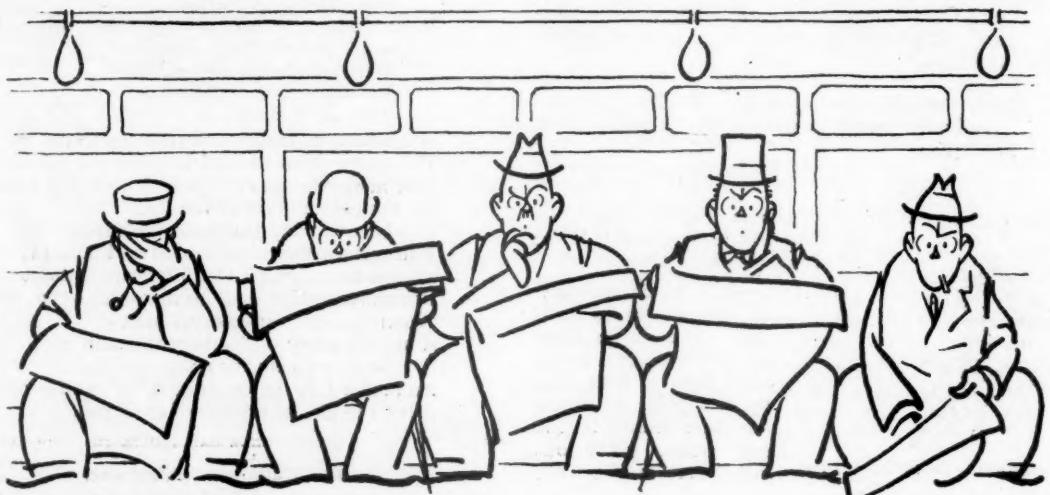
"Then I'll meet you there. The one in New Oxford Street, and what time?"

"One? Or quarter-to? Or half-past?"

"Call it quarter-past. And if I'm not there by half-past, don't wait; and if anything prevents either of us from coming, could we telephone? At least I know I couldn't, because nobody can from the British Museum, really. But what about you?"

"I suppose I could telephone from the nursing-home. They'll think it's to say how Aunt Florence is or something. Only how am I to get at you?"

"Oh, you can't, I don't think. I shall be in the reading-room, and



"No, THE NEWS ISN'T WORSE THAN USUAL THIS MORNING—BUT THE CROSSWORD IS."

they don't allow a sound. But I tell you what—if there are any complications, just telephone to a chemist who's called Lamperton in Pole Street and leave a message and I'll telephone to a friend of mine who lives opposite, and she can just run across, and if there's anything she can tell me on my way past to lunch. I can easily look in there."

"That's marvellous. Now, is it all quite clear?"

"Absolutely. Either we meet at lunch or we don't, and it's the Popular Café, unless either of us has a better idea."

E. M. D.

An Older Corridor Problem

THE following letter was originally prepared for the eye and careful consideration of the editor of the best organ of the hotel industry; but as there seem to be several that answer this description, I am asking Mr. Punch to print it and thereby ensure the widest publicity.

Sir (I began), without any frivolous motive, may I ask for an authoritative explanation, such as you can give, of the refusal of hotel servants—floor-waiter, chambermaid or valet—to bring into the bedroom, in the morning, the boots or shoes that were left outside on the mat for cleaning purposes the night before? More than once elsewhere (by elsewhere I meant *Punch*), both directly and indirectly, I have drawn attention to this breach; I even imagined a dialogue between a manager and candidates for service in which they were engaged only after promising faithfully to persist in disregarding the guest's comfort in this way, and thus to ensure that, half-clad, he should continue, even in the best and most luxurious caravanserai, furtively to rake in the leather.

But there was no improvement; irony and remonstrance were alike wasted; and now, after just returning from a journey in Sweden, Denmark, Germany and Holland, where, again, boots and shoes were never brought in, I appeal to you, who are in the secrets of the Trade, to say definitely both why this campaign against our well-being goes on and how it came about? I should much like to have the history of the movement, the complete account of its evolution from the time when polish first came in down to the present day; and you, Sir (I wrote), I am sure can tell me.

As to the present day, I imagine that each of the three servants involved refuses to accept responsibility, and that there is even a feud still raging; and



Fine old English Listener (after a surfeit of Hill-Billies). "GUESS I'LL BE HEADIN' FOR BED, OLD-TIMER."

between the repudiations the task is left undone and our own décolleté retrieving must ensue. As to remedy, there is the American plan of not putting footwear outside at all and seeking the "shoe-shining parlour" downstairs the next day; but I doubt if that would be practicable or popular here. No, could not some arrangement, some Domestic Agreement, be reached? Could not the servants be reasoned with, and persuaded, by an eloquent spell-binder, or could a trifle—of course equalised or even exceeded by a clandestine addition to our bill—be added to the wages of the most amenable?

To one who is not inside your mystery, but merely a looker-on and, to a

certain extent, a sufferer, this should not be difficult.

That, dear Mr. Punch, is what I wrote and now send to you. I signed it "One who, while paying 10%, 15%, and once, at Jonkoping, even 25%, service, has had in Sweden, Denmark, Germany and Holland to rake in his own leather"; but in its present form I sign it E. V. L.

"Show me your tongue, Johnnie. Yes, I thought so. See how it's coated. Your head aches, too, doesn't it, Johnnie? and you feel poorly? Sure signs that he's out of sorts."—Advertisement in *Weekly Paper*.

Holmes, this is marvellous!



"E'S SPECIALLY TRAINED FOR SMALL FLATS, LADY. 'E WAGS 'IS TAIL UP AND DOWN."

Mr. Silvertop Suggests.

I FOUND Mr. Silvertop in his workshop standing ankle-deep in shavings and contemplating the skeleton of a desk with no little satisfaction.

"That there," he said, waving a drawing at me, "is what it'll be like when I done with it, to an 'air's-breadth, for before I lays saw to wood I likes to 'ave the 'ole job cut and dried. Not like some of them temporary-mental blokes 'oo think it wouldn't be reely artistic to know what they're going to do next. Them novelists is about the worst.

"I did some jobs last spring for a gent down Chelsea way 'oo made 'is living out of novels, though 'eaven knows 'ow. The first time I met 'im I was fixing a new catch on the bathroom door when suddenly I 'eard a terrible groaning a-coming from a room be'ind me. Well, you know 'ow it is with groaning, once they've started it most people likes to get it over on their own. So I goes on with my work as if nothing 'ad 'appened. But after a minute or so with no break in the groaning I ses to meself, 'It's one thing to let private grief alone

but it's another not to go and 'elp some pore devil 'oo's swallowed 'is razor or got 'is 'ead stuck in the window"—and I taps on the door. There wasn't no answer, so I walks in.

"A middle-aged bloke in a blue silk dressing-gown was a-sitting in an arm-chair 'olding 'is 'ead in 'is 'ands and rolling about from side to side as if someone 'ad just socked 'im one. All round 'im on the floor was sheets of paper scribbled all over, and the ashtray was bursting itself with fag-ends. Soon as I come in 'e lays off groaning and gives me a long searching look, ever so mournful; and then 'e ses, 'I don't suppose you can 'elp.'

"Nor do I," I ses. "Where's the pain? Be'ind the eyes?"

"Everywhere," 'e ses. "I've been sitting 'ere for most of a fortnight trying to see what the next move is for Rosalind, and the little minx 'as got me fair beat." Only 'e didn't say "minx." You could see the pore chap was desperate.

"'Oo is the lady?" I asks him. "Daughter or wife?"

"Neither," 'e ses; "if she was I'd know what to do with 'er. She's the 'eroine of my new novel, and ever since I began it she's been playing me up.

First of all she insisted on falling for that 'orrible feller with the button-boots 'oo ran the night-club, and I'd no sooner steered 'er out of that than she would go and get mixed up with the Colonel, 'oo wasn't 'er cup of tea at all. And so it's gone on. Self-willed little bit, she is, and 'ere she's got me fair up a gum-tree with the book supposed to be with the publishers to-morrow."

"I'm ever so sorry," I tells 'im. "I always 'ad a notion novelists 'ad the whip-and with the blokes in their books." At that 'e laughs very bitter. "Don't you believe it," 'e ses, "characters is the most unscrupulous lot in the world and gratitood's a word they don't know."

"Look 'ere," I ses—"I'm not what you might call a booky chap, but if you like to give me Rosalind's career in a nutshell I'll see what I can do." 'E thinks for a moment. "All you need to know," 'e ses, "is that Cuthbert, 'er 'usband, 'as finally gone off with a flashy little piece named 'Ilda, for which Rosalind only 'as 'erself to blame. The divorce 'aving just been O.K.'d, she's taken a train to Lewes for a tramp on the Downs, and there she's been for a fortnight, a-standing on the edge of 'Indover 'ill murmuring

over and over to 'erself like the little ninny she is, "Up 'ere on the roof of the world one can see things as they are!" I asks you, What the jumping 'ell can I do with 'er to wind up?"

"It was a proper teaser, I 'ad to admit. 'What with you not being too fond of 'er, I expect you've thought of letting 'er just fall over the edge?' I asks.

"'You bet I 'ave,' he answers vicious-like. 'I 'ad it in mind all last week, but it's no go—public 'ates the 'eroine messed up.'

"'Ow about a spot of love-at-first sight with a lonely 'iking baronet or suchlike?'

"'I 'aven't either the space or the patience for any more of that,' 'e ses. 'E certainly looked done in.'

"'What about a nunnery for 'er, then?' I asks.

"'It'd take a regiment of soldiers to get 'er there,' 'e answers, 'and they're not easy to come by these days.'

"'Well, I expect you're right,' I

ses. 'I'll get back to my work and soon as I get a brain-wave I'll give you a shout.' 'E laid off groaning, thank 'eaven, and when I'd finished the bathroom door I pops my 'ead in to 'im.'

"'Look 'ere,' I ses, 'arf-joking—"ow about the local police-woman coming on 'er up there looking like chucking 'erself off 'Indover 'Ill and telling 'er what a wonderful life it is in the Force and what lovely strong boots they gets given free and 'ow nice the coppers are at 'er station—and signing 'er on straight away as a recruit? It'd sort of 'old out new 'ope to Rosalind and at the same time from all you tell me it'd do 'er a power of good to be cooped up in one of them silly 'elmets for part of the day. What about it?'

"'What about it?' 'e yells, a-diving across the room at 'is tripewriter, 'it's perfect!' And if you can believe it, that's 'ow the book ends. It comes out this week, and what do you think the pore mug's wrote at the beginning? 'To 'ENRY SILVERTOP, SUPERMAN. Novelists! Corlumme!' ERIC.

Intelligence Test

[I've a theory that only intelligent people get seasick. I believe there are nerves in their brains that cause it.]

The Poet Laureate.]

THE shortest trip aboard a ship
Is bound to cause me anguish.
Whilst others stride the deck with
pride,

Invariably I languish
In pallid grief without relief,
As lively as a mummy,
And, deeply shamed, I've always
blamed

It on my wretched tummy.

Yet now I know (and meekly owe
Apology to Nature)

My striking flair for *mal-de-mer*
Extols my mental stature.
Though billows heave yet I'll not
grieve

For cures proved ineffectual;
The more I groan the more I
own
To being intellectual. D. C.



THE DAIRY SHOW

"I DO WISH, MARIA, THAT YOU HADN'T INSISTED ON DRESSING FOR THE OCCASION. THAT FARMER NEARLY SOLD ME A HERD OF ALDERNEYS, AND I HAD THE GREATEST DIFFICULTY IN MAKING HIM BELIEVE THAT WE LIVED IN A WEST KENSINGTON FLAT."

What's in a Word?

ALTHOUGH Arabic is a language difficult to learn, more difficult to pronounce, and written backwards entirely in consonants, opinion in Egypt is unanimous that to address a servant in English is immediately to forfeit his respect. When Mary joined me in Cairo, accordingly we agreed that, although she knew no Arabic and our Abdel Aziz had contemptuously acquired a little English from some previous employer, she must converse with him from the beginning solely in Arabic.

Owing to the great experience of Abdel Aziz this arrangement worked admirably. Every morning at breakfast Mary made a list of the nouns and imperatives necessary to express her orders for the day. After breakfast Abdel Aziz was summoned and Mary recited in a loud voice Arabic phrases meaning "Clean the drawing-room," "Bring veal for dinner," or "Air the beds." Abdel Aziz listened with an expression of strained anxiety. He was eager to co-operate with Mary in her attempts at communication but too polite to hurt her feelings by admitting that her words meant nothing to him. When she had concluded her discourse he retired to the kitchen and after a period of thought did whatever appeared to him to be necessary or pleasing.

After a time, however, Abdel Aziz's ear became attuned to the vagaries of Mary's pronunciation, and Mary, growing proud of her new fluency, started to do without her list. But here a difficulty arose. Abdel Aziz could understand what Mary said, but Mary said the wrong things. Her nouns acquired special meanings of their own. "Serve lunch in the cupboard," she would say firmly. "Fill the vases with tea." "Fry the flowers." With a lesser man than Abdel Aziz this new development might well have led to chaos in the household. But Abdel Aziz is a servant of courtesy and intuition. He decided that if a word which he was accustomed to regard as meaning "flowers" signified "fish" to Mary, then Mary evidently had at her disposal sources of information inaccessible to the less educated and that Mary therefore was right.

In this manner, as Mary grew more confident and Abdel Aziz more adept in interpretation, a new language was gradually evolved, sounding superficially like Arabic but properly comprehensible only to Abdel Aziz and

the mistress of the house. And although I pointed out that as Mary was in any case learning a foreign tongue she might just as well acquire one which was more generally current, she waved my protests aside. She maintained with some show of reason that if the respect of Abdel Aziz could be won by talking in Arabic it would clearly be greatly enhanced by the creation of an entirely new form of speech, and argued less cogently that since she talked Arabic only to Abdel Aziz it didn't matter if nobody else could understand her.

It didn't matter until Abdel Aziz, being but mortal, became suddenly indisposed on the day on which we had invited the Robinsons to dinner. The Robinsons were not intimate friends but strangers to whom we wished to do honour, and so, rather than put them off, we hastily replaced Abdel Aziz for the day by a regent called Hassan. Although this Hassan seemed reliable and obedient, Mary was naturally anxious that the dinner should be all that the Robinsons could expect. She accordingly gave Hassan her orders with great precision and enjoined him straitly to depart in no particular from her instructions. Then, somewhat reassured by the imperturbability of Hassan's demeanour, she went out with an easy mind.

In the evening the Robinsons arrived in excellent appetite, and Robinson, who is something of a hard-eating man, took pains to compliment us, with agreeable anticipation, upon our Abdel Aziz's reputation as a chef. As Robinson was not personally acquainted with Abdel Aziz we did not tell him that the part that evening was being taken by an understudy. We replied to his encomiums with a graceful depreciation and trusted that Hassan would justify them. And in fact the quality of the cooking was eminently worthy of Abdel Aziz himself. The only difficulty was to convince Robinson, whose character is austere rather than whimsical, that a meal which he would have described as consisting of fried pomegranate-seeds followed by pigs' trotters in garlic would have been more properly defined, according to Mary's version of the Arabic language, as prawns in aspic and roast turkey.

Ravens in Westminster (?)

[A stonemason working on the Houses of Parliament said that . . . ravens occupied the central tower.—*Daily Telegraph*.]

BIRDS are weird and wandering things—
As I should be if I had wings:

The robin wanders from here to Spain,
From John o' Groats to the red Ukraine,

Blackbirds nestle in flower-pots,
Railway-waggons or babies' cots;
Thick as a coat of coal-black moss
Starlings roost upon Charing Cross;
But I feel that the mason had the laugh

On the lad from *The Daily Telegraph*
Who swallowed the tale of Stephen's Hall

In ancient Westminster grey and tall,
The honoured seat of our civil power,
That ravens live in the Central Tower!

I have known the raven well of old,
A warrior ruthless, wise and bold,
Swift to swoop to the granite rocks
On the limping hare or the injured fox.

Strong as Satan and black as sin,
Smooth of feather but harsh within,
I have heard his croak on the stony scree

Where nothing moved but myself and he.

The keen wind screamed across the snows

To the icy home where the east wind goes;

There was grey above and white beneath

Where grouse were starved in the choking heath

And cloudy hills were bare and dour—

Do ravens live in the Central Tower?

Jays there may be in London Town
And rooks to harry their quarry down;
Pigeons are game full fair to fly
For the hawks that live round Lothbury;

Mare-nests cluster beside the Fleet
There's lots of quacking in Harley Street;

The streets are crowded in London Town

With geese to swallow anything down.
Delicate ducks Mayfair affords;
There are brooding hens in the House of Lords;

There are bees-in-the-bonnet in Stephen's Hall,

And bats in the belfry over all;
But I'll eat my hat in half-an-hour
If ravens live in the Central Tower!

Peace

OUR block of flats is occupied by upwards of a hundred human or partly-human souls, but, though we have been here a year, we know absolutely nobody except the man underneath, with whom we had rather a sharp exchange of letters about our (according to him)

dancing Irish jigs just over his bed until two o'clock in the morning, and his (according to us) singing as he shaved at some unearthly hour of the morning when God-fearing citizens are still abed.

At least we didn't know anybody except the man below until Mrs. Wood of No. 24 sent us a letter asking our co-operation in persuading the Prime Minister to stop the next war before it started. We thought it showed good sense on Mrs. Wood's part to pick us out from all the other residents as the pair most likely to have influence in high quarters.

"She wants us to pop round to-night at eight o'clock and talk it over," said Isabel. "There's nothing much on the wireless, so we may as well go."

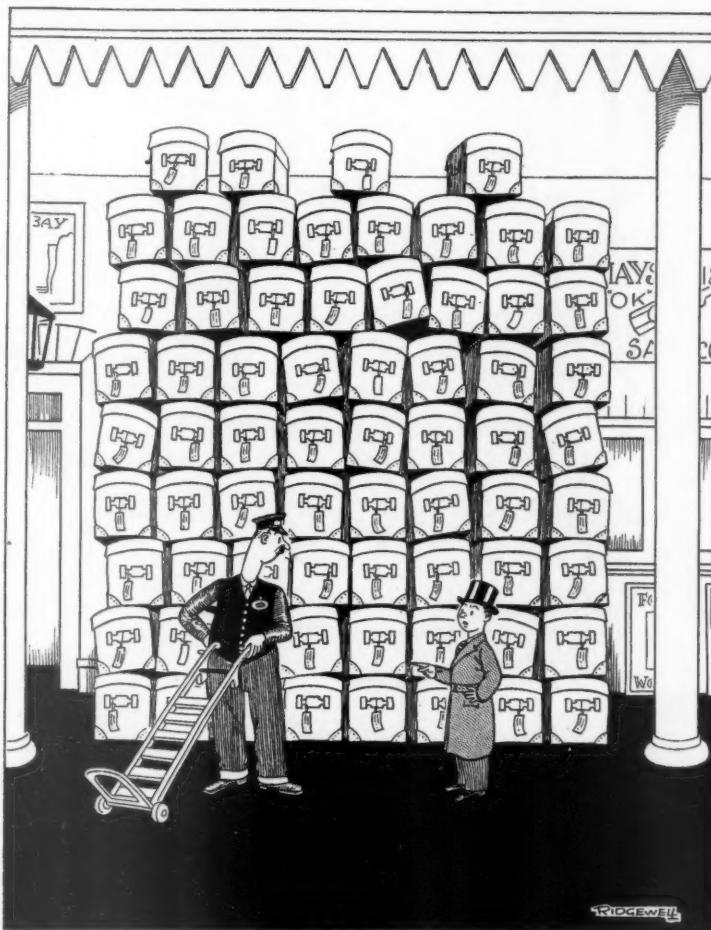
So we went, putting on our hats and coats and carrying our umbrellas, not being exactly sure where No. 24 lay. My own opinion was that it was across the court, but actually we found it was downstairs, just next to the shave-singer, which made us feel rather silly to have taken our umbrellas, but, as Isabel said, Mrs. Wood might think we had just come home from somewhere.

"Mr. Soopp, the Misses Gaitweather, Mr. Herbert Brown and Miss Brown, Mrs. Weatherly-Tooks, Colonel Ham, Miss Bacon, my husband and daughter, Muriel," said Mrs. Wood, who proved to be a purposeful-looking woman with steely eyes. We were rather hurt to find that we had merely been invited to a sort of general meeting. Mrs. Wood said that she had invited everybody in the Court, but that of course nowadays the number of people who had time for serious thinking was very small, and the Blenkinsops had just lost an aunt, and Mrs. Ridgeway was in bed with influenza, which explained the small numbers.

Mrs. Wood took the chair and started by saying that as the Government seemed to be drifting into war and piling up armaments, she felt it was time for ordinary people like ourselves to take a hand. And then of course there was Italy and Germany and Spain. She thought we ought to draw up a petition to the Government demanding that this suicidal arms race should cease, and anything else that we could obtain unanimity about.

"Personally," said Colonel Ham, "I think the trouble is that we carried disarmament too far; and I for one won't sign a petition demanding less arms."

"I'm sure we all agree with the Colonel," said Mrs. Wood, "and of course there wasn't the slightest idea



"BUT I TELL YOU I WANT A CLEAN HANDKERCHIEF!"

in my mind that we should have less arms. It's the arms race I object to. You see the distinction?"

Miss Gaitweather said that the Spanish business was very dreadful and it seemed wicked not to intervene, though she wasn't quite sure which side we ought to be on. "I must admit I can't get the hang of it," she said, "because in my morning paper it appears to be Patriots *versus* Reds, and in my evening paper it is Government *versus* Rebels, and in my Sunday paper it is Fascists *versus* somebody else. If we could only persuade five of the armies to join up against the other one it would soon be over."

"We ought never to have got mixed up in that Abyssinian business," said Muriel Wood. "I think that man Hoare-Eden is at the bottom of it with his beacons."

"It's the Communists are at the

back of it," said Mrs. Weatherly-Tooks. "My husband is in Oil, and he *knows*."

"I blame the Jews," said Mr. Wood quietly.

We talked until nearly eleven o'clock, and eventually decided just to write to the Government and say that we had lost confidence in them. It was the only thing we agreed about. Isabel hadn't spoken, but she had been looking very thoughtful, and I was glad to think that at least she was thinking about these world problems. I asked her what particular point had impressed her.

"Did you notice how cleverly Mrs. Wood had made use of that alcove by the fire?" she said. "Just a low bench and a square of rug. I must ask her where she got the bench. An absolutely dinky little sort of thing like they used to have in monasteries."



"H'M—A BIT EFFEMINATE, ISN'T IT?"

Demi—

[“Dark girls and fair, it is stated, differ widely in their general characteristics. It is all wrong to suppose that they are pretty much alike.”—*Press.*]

FROM childhood to the present day
I have been mostly fond
Of girls who in a general way
Might be described as blond;
I wouldn't push the thing too far
But, broadly speaking, there you are.

I little pondered how or why
Such preference came to be;
The pigmentation pleased the eye,
That was enough for me;
Nor did I think that girls as such,
Barring in colour, differed much.

It seems that I was wrong therein;
Science, who knows what's what,
Has deeply probed beneath the skin
(An awkward way she's got)
And thereby dealt a nasty swipe
To females of the fairer type.

In the first place we're gravely told
That those whose heads are fair
Are martyrs to the common cold,
A statement hard to bear
And one that sheds a lurid light
On how I caught that germ last night.

But, worse than that, the flaxen head
Houses a cool, calm brain
That knows which side the butter's spread
And how to dodge the rain;
The sister with the dark hair crowned
Is far more easily got round.

Yet there are fires. And if one gets
The fair girl fairly riled,
I gather that some ten brunettes,
Compared with her, are mild;
'Tis she that owns the lighter skin
Who, if annoyed, may do you in.

And last, when overcome by spleen,
That very white and pink
Will sometimes turn a lively green;
I've noticed that, I think,
And though I held that I was wrong
It seems I wasn't, all along.

I know not how it seems to you,
But I shall now embark
On a stern quest for something new
Not light, nor wholly dark;
Perhaps my soul might best respond
To something in the demi-blond. DUM-DUM.



THE BUCKING CALF

THE FRANC. "J'Y SUIS—AND J'Y PROBABLY RESTE."

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"I THOUGHT I'D HAVE SEEN YE AT THE FUNERAL, SANDY."

"ACH, I'VE NAE TIME FOR SICH THINGS."

"WEEL, IF YE DINNA GAE TAE ITHER FOLKS' FUNERALS, THEY'LL NO COME TO YOURS."

In Defence of the Sluggard

I AM not of the humour of ALEXANDER, who wept that he had no more worlds to conquer. Nor do I resemble GIBBON, who, upon finishing his *Decline and Fall*, turned from his labour "with a sober melancholy." For minds like these, although they have come in for a good deal of praise in their time, appear to be unable to fathom the infinite. They must settle upon some defined task and can attempt nothing unless its boundaries are marked upon the map of human knowledge. They are incapable of contemplating nothing.

It has long been my intention to strike a blow in defence of the sluggard. From time immemorial the inoffensive creature has been maligned by sects, parties, groups, mobs, gatherings and congregations of aggressive individuals who wish to impress their modes of life upon all around them. And the sluggard is not only inoffen-

sive but defenceless, for by defending himself he denies his sluggardry. It is with a melancholy as sober as GIBBONS' that I turn a while from my sluggardry to defend my species.

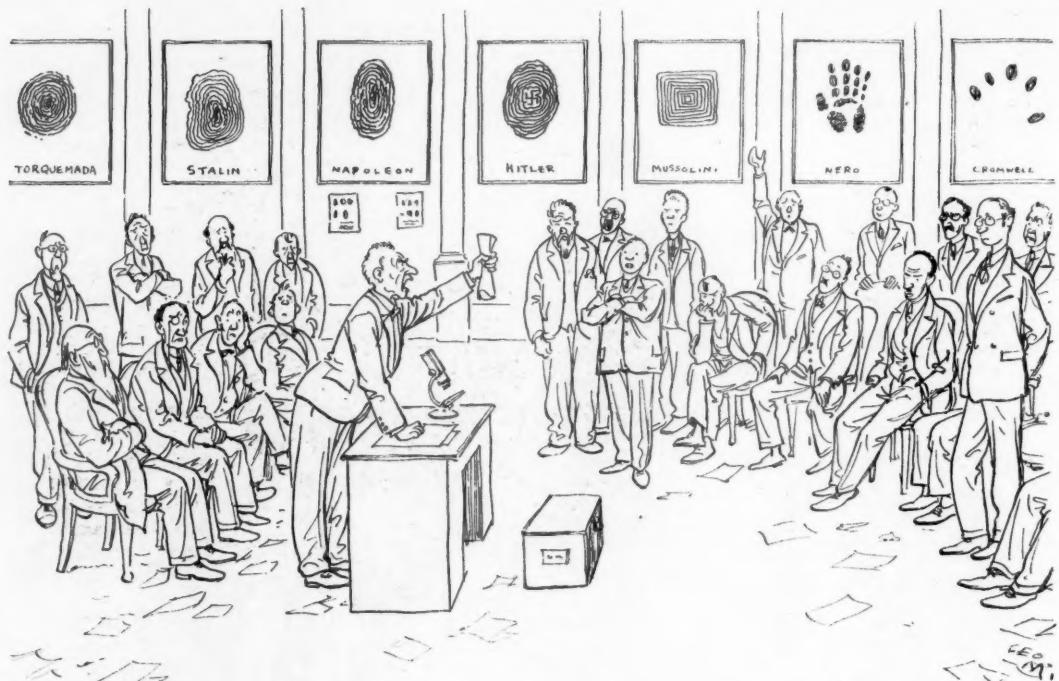
In a world torn by strife and faction there is as yet no case on record in which a sluggard has been the cause of a disturbance. There is of course the case of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, who quickly attracted a crowd when they were inconsiderately awakened by a party of tourists after a sleep of only two-hundred-and-thirty years. But the disturbance was caused not by the Sleepers but by the tourists, and was a minor one at that when compared with the bother which was brought into the world by the Seven Champions of Christendom. While as for the Seven Sages of Greece, they have caused so many sighs that they deserve a thorough roasting. Did not one of them invent the phrase "Consider the end"; another, "Most men are bad"; a third, "Seize time by the forelock," and PERIANDER OF

Corinth, I believe, was guilty of "Nothing is impossible to industry." What are these but a prelude to the bitterness and gall that have since overwhelmed the world?

Perhaps most insidious attacks upon the sluggards are those which are made indirectly. On the platform and in the Press we are urged to defend our individual liberty. We are told that forces are at work and conspiracies afoot. They are—on the platform and in the Press. There is a vast conspiracy afoot to get us out of our armchairs. There are fiends in human form who would like to see us working. There are impudent scoundrels lurking at every street-corner who because they are themselves of a restless disposition would like to disturb our serenity.

"You ought to go around the park the first thing in the morning," they tell us. "That's the time to be out when the dew is on the grass."

They return from their bestial exertion and force their pink and steaming forms into the sanctuary of



BAFFLED FINGER-PRINT EXPERTS MEET TO INSIST ON THE TOTAL ABOLITION OF GLOVES.

our bed-chambers. They wake us up, they sing in their baths, they clatter up and down stairs and they laugh before breakfast.

These are they who shake the foundations of our civilisation. They are anti-social by nature. They would strike a man's head with the same rapture as they strike a golf-ball. They revel in physical activity, and sooner or later physical activity will lead them into trouble. They will start a riot out of sheer boredom, or a major war because it is too wet for tennis. There is no crime gross enough to shock their insensitive frames, and they disturb the peace of all around them.

It is eight o'clock on a grey morning. The rain splashes wearily from the trees in the Square, and somebody has just clumped down the stairs whistling. While I am aroused from my sluggardly mood is vindictive. . . .

So when you next meet an ant, tell him to come to me.

"On a six-valve all-wave superhet I have been able to follow the announcements when standing at the bottom of the garden."

Wireless Fan.

No doubt the neighbours will substantiate this.

Court Scene in Utopia

THE prisoner undertook his own defence.

A young man with a solemn countenance, he was habited in sombre black, as beffited the occasion. He bent a calm yet sorrowful gaze upon the officiating magistrate and began to speak.

"Your worship, I feel it my duty as a loyal subject of His Majesty KING EDWARD THE EIGHTH to admit myself guilty of the serious charge which has been brought against me. It is with the greatest shame and regret that I make this confession. Yet there are certain circumstances which, while not constituting any extenuation of my guilt, may be pointed out as a warning to others who may find themselves under a like temptation.

"I was returning in my car from the business premises wherein I pursue my vocation. The hour was somewhat later than usual owing to various trifling delays which had upset my routine, and I was desirous of accomplishing the homeward journey with what speed I might attain legally within the bounds of the metropolis. Such, however, your worship, is the

waywardness of Fate or circumstance that at certain key-points on my route I was compelled to suspend my progress while other travellers, pursuing a direction at right-angles to my own, unhurriedly crossed my path. I was, I admit it, ruffled by these incidents. In my humble home slippers were warming before the fire, a delectable lunch was wasting its sweetness upon the surfeited air, and finally a loving wife was eating her heart out in loneliness and distress.

"What wonder, your worship, that when the number of vehicles diminished and a comparatively clear way lay before me, I depressed the accelerator somewhat further than was prudent? Such at any rate is the case. The ringing of a gong nearby merely stimulated my desire to reach home and dinner, and it was only after the lapse of some moments that I became aware of the fact that I had unwittingly transgressed one of the laws recently promulgated by His Majesty's Government. I had in short, as a glance at my speedometer indicated, been travelling at the excessive speed of thirty-one miles per hour, thereby endangering the safety of the lieges.

"With unfailing courtesy the police officials who had been kind enough to draw my attention to the delinquency

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ascertained my name, address and the like particulars. They then promised to let me hear of any later developments.

"To-day, your worship, I stand ready to undergo such punishment as you may see fit to impose upon me. I ask you to have no mercy, but to make my transgression an awful example to the other three hundred who are before you on a similar charge, so that this danger of excessive speed may be rooted out from among us and that men may walk the streets once more in peace and security. God Save the King!"

The officiating magistrate was visibly moved, the manly policeman beside the dock looked pityingly upon the accused, while the assembled lawyers murmured excited commendation of such spontaneous eloquence.

"Two pounds," said the officiating magistrate.

Her First Conquest

THIS is a true story about a little girl who was taken by her father, a kind unselfish man, for a whole day at the Zoo: a day beginning with a tour of the cages and lunch in the Members' Enclosure and a ride on the elephant, and then more cages, and finally tea out-of-doors.

I emphasise the fact that the little girl's father was a kind unselfish man, by stating that although the paths at the Zoo can try us not a little, only once in the four or five hours of the excursion did he hasten or complain. As to that once—but I must pave the way to the incident by saying, what at the very outset I ought to have said, that the little girl's hair was red. Had it been of the ordinary hue, the events would probably never have occurred. But it was red: as a matter of fact it is red still, but the little girl is now a very different kettle of fish—a young lady—with whom no one, four-footed or two, would dare to take a liberty.

Everything began well. The sun (I am writing of several years ago) shone; the animals had not yet, in the matter of food, arrived at saturation-point; the mandrill kept his back to the wall. It was not until the Mappin Terraces were reached that any disaster occurred. At that time the enclosures at the top, above the bears, were filled by apes, Barbary and others. They made the concrete houses and hiding-places as much like a home from home as was possible, and they had something to say to each other about everyone who passed. It is perhaps fortunate that none of us, even the most handsome, can understand their language.



ARMY NOTES

"THE MARCH OF MECHANISATION SEES THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL TO HIS HORSE . . ."

Well, while the little girl with red hair and her solicitous papa were pushing pieces of apple to the monkeys, a fragment fell outside; and, without a second thought as to how near to the bars the action would bring her flaming and very inviting head, the little girl stooped to pick it up. Instantly a dozen or more tiny black hands were thrust through and seized her locks, pulling and twisting. Never was such a commotion. What with the screams of the little girl, who was both frightened and in agony; and the triumphant chatter of the monkeys, who at last had secured something really worth having—something far better than a stray umbrella—and were bragging about it; and the sympathetic murmur of the crowd, for a crowd had, of course, gathered; and, not least, the resounding slaps of the little girl's parent on the cage as he strove to obtain the release of the child; what with all this, Bedlam, as we say, might have been let loose. But in course of time the little girl was detached and taken off to be comforted and restored by lunch, and soon afterwards she was again normal, except for the pain on her scalp where the vicious tugs had been worst.

There is no need for me to describe

the rest of the day, for at the Zoo we all do the same things. If we are alone, we go behind the scenes and fondle cubs and handle snakes and feed the frogs—the frogs with those marvellous instantaneous tongues, that go to sleep until the grub which has been placed apparently out of reach is judged to be near enough, and then secure it like lightning. But if we take children, we see that they ride on the elephants and the camels, and watch the lions and sea-lions being fed, and are careful that a few buns are reserved for themselves.

And thus it was with the little girl with red hair, and by the time that she and her father had done everything, she was quite ready to leave. But not by the shortest way. No, "we must just peep at those monkeys once more," she said. "Horrid things!" and she rubbed her poor head.

And what do you think the Barbary and other apes were doing? They were sitting volubly in a circle, handing from one to another, and gloating over it, some new possession; and, although four or five hours had passed, and with them, you would have thought, the novelty of the thing, this precious fondled possession consisted of strands of the little girl's red hair. Capillary attraction, if you like! E. V. L.

At the Play

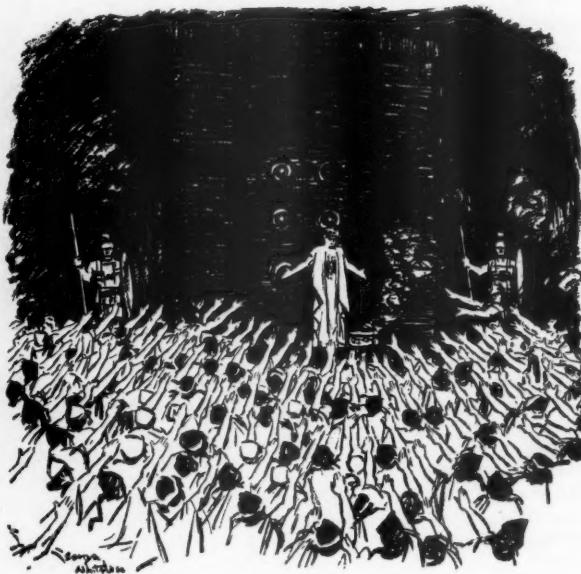
"OEDIPUS REX" (COVENT GARDEN)

LOOKING round Covent Garden Opera House I did not see many schoolboys. Term has begun, and it was their parents who were taking their SOPHOCLES in a de luxe edition. Speeches so familiar in painfully dog-eared school-books were here served up as at a royal banquet—in English, in the first place, and enriched, in the second place, by as fine a setting and production as SOPHOCLES has enjoyed in our time. It was easy to see that the smart and cultured audience thought highly of themselves as a mob, but they were moved to spontaneous applause when the Theban mob swept through the auditorium and stormed the stage. The crowd gave the play a great momentum, making it obvious that some tremendous business was afoot to have caused such vast distress among so numerous a population.

When Sir JOHN MARTIN HARVEY appeared as *Oedipus* the very size of the crowd seemed a challenge to him, and he showed us a noble *Oedipus*, perhaps rather in the manner of an easy eighteenth-century nobleman confronting the *canaille*—a man who could not be browbeaten, whose ease and urbanity of speech concealed reserves of strength. The good-heartedness of his *Oedipus* made him anxious to do everything to help the people, but the impression remained that here was a figure not at all used to being the sport or victim of fate. It was his part, one felt, to live among his fellow-men with easy authority, confronting the greatest perils imperturbably and getting the better of his most dangerous foes.

But *Oedipus*, although he has some achievements behind him, has no such scope in this play. All he has to do is to discover some very alarming truths about himself, and when he can gain-say them no longer his strength vanishes and he collapses before the hideous facts. Sir JOHN MARTIN HARVEY was happier as *Oedipus* facing men than as *Oedipus* bearing

the judgment of the gods. The initiative comes naturally to him, and beyond peremptorily sending for shepherds and browbeating them, the play gives *King Oedipus* little scope for rule.



NAZI DEMONSTRATION IN VERY ANCIENT GREECE



A SOOTHSAYER'S SAYINGS ARE NOT ALWAYS SOOTHING

Teiresias . . . MR. J. FISHER WHITE
Oedipus . . . SIR JOHN MARTIN HARVEY

Miss MIRIAM LEWES has one of the most impressive portions of the play to herself when as *Jocasta*, the Queen, she is ahead of *Oedipus* in realisation of the horrible truth that she is his mother as well as his wife.

She cleverly contrived to appear a woman old enough for both parts and easily many years older than *Oedipus* has any idea.

MR. BALIOL HOLLOWAY played *Creon*, introducing a note of this-worldliness and being *Fortinbras* to the *Hamlet* of *Oedipus*.

The great trouble facing those who act the ancient Greek dramas is what to do with their hands. The members of this production may be said to have SOPHOCLES at their fingertips, letting, if anything, hands and wrists have too much to say. The old *Shepherd*, like the *Stranger from Corinth*, brought simple dignity even into their fear; while as *Leader of the Chorus* Mr. HARVEY BRABAN was invaluable, conveying in his clear and powerful speech that while the events in hand were

appalling it was also very exhilarating to be at the centre of them. The gods might be—and indeed were—pretty severe, but life under them could never be dull. To transgress rules you did not know you were transgressing and then to find that there could be no escape from the penalties kept the most blameless of early Greeks in continual suspense. And *Oedipus* was not blameless. He was a very average king who could at once remember, when a certain spot was mentioned as the scene of the violent death of *Laius*, that he had himself once killed a man there. He does not resent his doom or cry out against it; and in the final scene of all he made his last departure through the length of the theatre with a tragic dignity that made plain the essential strength which had but temporarily forsaken him when he realised his accursed destiny.

There was an amplitude and power about the REINHARDT setting which made the auditorium lose its own character and fall naturally into its appointed place as the outskirts and fringe of the Theban centre. D. W.

"FOLLOW YOUR SAINT" (QUEEN'S).

This play raises the interesting question of how exactly to define melodrama. It is not difficult to imagine in what manner the Sunday crime-sheets, always rich in good material for dramatists, would have treated its story. Certainly they would not have held back. At the first go-off the news-editors would have had to be content with

ACCIDENT AT SHOOT**TRAGIC DEATH OF
WELL-KNOWN
CONSERVATIVE M.P.**

But if the case had ever got to court and justice had been done, what a field-day they might have had!

**AMAZING OUTCOME
OF GUN TRAGEDY****JEALOUS YOUTH FOUND
GUILTY OF
SHOOTING M.P.****YOUNG WIFE MOURNS
SLAIN LOVER.**

while finally the golden opportunity of presenting an avid public with

BACK-BENCHER'S FATAL INTRIGUE

would scarcely have been missed.

Presented in this way, so as to miss neither the last reverberation of the gun nor the last ounce of notoriety, the story seems the very stuff of melodrama; yet it has only to be treated reasonably as a study in explicable human behaviour to take on a new interest and a deeper significance. Headlines are very far from Miss LESLEY STORM's method. She prefers a quiet building up of character in, as it were, small type, so careful and thorough that when crises come to her people (as indeed they do) the audience is prepared to note a sudden change of purpose or a vital contrast without the use of italics. This quietness, broken only under extreme pressure and linked with a story of such narrative force, has resulted in a play which takes the theatre with great effect.

The first two Acts showed us *Alec* and *Joanna Rothney* (Mr. NICHOLAS HANNEN and Miss EDNA BEST), for whose mating of invalid age with youth the wiseacres had prophesied disaster, living together in their town and country houses, *Alec* very happily and *Joanna* as happily as she could con-

sidering she had taken *Charles* (Mr. FRANCIS LISTER), an elegant politician who stood for the conservation of British capital but was not above breaking up the English home as a lover, and he was daily growing more insistent that she should leave *Alec*. They showed us the arrival of *David*

David getting clear at the subsequent inquest, *Alec* and the police assuming an accident and only the stricken *Joanna* knowing the truth.

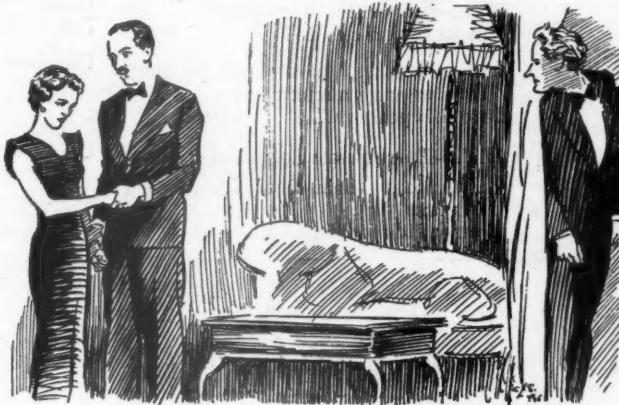
The Third Act might have ended as peacefully as the First began if all *Alec's* illusions had not been shattered

by a blackmailing detective whom a jealous *Joanna* had once, and most improbably, employed to shadow *Charles*. The whole wretched story came out. *Alec*, hurt and angry, regarded his marriage as over and insisted on handing *David* over to the police, for whom in a fit of heroics the boy had telephoned; while *Joanna*, knowing that their marriage would assume an even keel again if saved from scandal and that *David* was only a criminal for her sake, pleaded desperately. Still pleading when the *Inspector* arrived, she seized the situation by telling him that her jewels had been stolen;

and one by one, in the play's most dramatic passage, she described them and the occasions, little milestones in their marriage, on which *Alec* had bought them for her. *Alec* had to make up his mind quickly either to tell the *Inspector* the truth or back up her story; and when, softened by her recital, he did the latter, the play really ended. It was a perfect moment for a conclusive curtain. The several minutes which followed of *David's* farewell and disposal seemed to me an irritating anticlimax, and a sudden rustling from a pin-still audience argued the same.

The acting is very well worth seeing, for Mr. BASIL DEAN's casting has been as accurate as his smooth production. Miss BEST plays *Joanna* with extraordinary sympathy—her performance is an admirable essay in understatement; Mr. HANNEN sets just the right note of gentle philosophic pottering, and makes of *Alec's* awakening a most moving and effective piece of acting; Mr. LISTER's polished villain is beautifully easy; Mr. KEEN's performance of a part sometimes verging on the mawkish is creditable; and to Mr. RAYMOND HUNTLEY and Mr. CLIFFORD MARQUAND we are indebted for two excellent passages of light relief.

ERIC.



PRELUDE TO A SHOOT

Joanna Rothney *MISS EDNA BEST*
Charles Hastings *MR. FRANCIS LISTER*
David French *MR. GEOFFREY KEEN*



A CHECK ON HIS PATIENCE

Chapman *MR. RAYMOND HUNTLEY*
Alec Rothney . . . *MR. NICHOLAS HANNEN*

Translations from the Ish

XLIX.—SOUVENIR

"SHE was," said the young man, sniffing,
"The most beautiful girl I ever saw.
For two minutes I stood beside her
In a Tube lift.
I shall never see her again.
She gave me this cold."

He sneezed with gloomy satisfaction,
And I noticed
That he had chosen to sit
In a draught.

L.—RICH MOMENTS

You know those periods
Of intense brain-activity
When everything stimulates the mind
And to confine it to any one subject
Seems a waste of the others.

Nothing of course gets done;
But how magnificently!

LI.—CONDITIONED REFLEX

When the same worn old phrases
Arouse a storm of cheering,
I can often detect
On the face of the orator who declaims them
A look of relief.

"Well," he is thinking,
"It seems to have worked again
After all."

LII.—ILL-CONDITIONED REFLEX

Every so often, I notice,
People communicate with the Post Office
About their telephones
Through the correspondence columns
Of *The Times*.

It seems
That as soon as any complaint
Is voiced in *The Times*,
Representatives rush round in a fever
To put the matter right.

Sad—but I, if I were the Post Office,
Should display the wrong reaction.
Signed annoyance in *The Times* New Roman
Would merely make me say

"Think they can bully me, eh?
Let 'em wait."

LIII.—STATESMANSHIP

"Of course," said a leader of the Gadarene swine,
Rushing furiously towards the sea,
"One knows
That the rest don't really want
To come over this steep place.
But what can one do?"

I often wonder," he went on, panting,
"How we were manœuvred
Into this position."

LIV.—EPITAPH ON SOME POLITICIANS
They spent their lives formulating
plans
To meet all contingencies

For fear I should be thought
One of the people
The new advertisements
Impress.

LVII.—NO TAKERS

How happy all the governments
will be
After the next war,
Finding their funds
For the keeping alive of survivors
Untouched!

LVIII.—INSEPARABLE

I think some of these photographers
Of "inseparable animal companions"—

The lion and the lamb,
The llama and the axolotl,
The armadillo and the kitten,
The what-have-you and the thingummy—
Must use glue.

LIX.—THE DIFFERENCE

It is notable
That Royal marriages
Involve the idea of automatic friendship
Between the bride-groom's people
And the bride's.

See what human nature can do
When enough is expected of it!

LX.—NICE DISTINCTION

"I wouldn't say he was first-rate,"
Said the critic, of the actor.
"The first-rate actors
Can make more money
By the confidence trick."

LXI.—THE FINISHING TOUCH

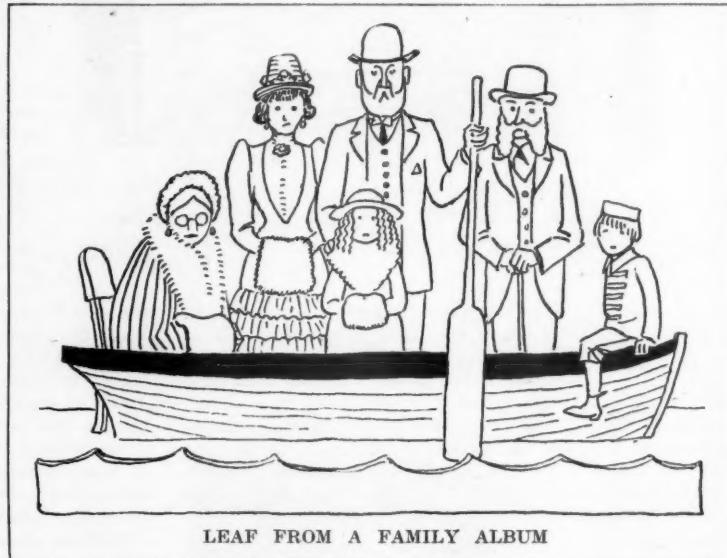
Speaking of HARPO MARX,
I think he missed a chance
In not having
A wild harp,
Such as the *Minstrel Boy*
Slung behind him
On going to the wars.

LXII.—RULE FOR OTHERS

Brevity, everyone knows,
Is the soul of wit.

But try to get any given person,
Making any given joke,
To believe it.

R. M.



Except those
(Depending on conditions
It would have been absurd
To expect them to foresee)
Which actually turned up.

LV.—THOUGHTS IN A SILENT AUDIENCE

I wish that the people
Who think this comedian funny
(And numbers of them
Look the sort who might)
Would muster the energy to
laugh,
And so allow me
To feel superior in comfort.

LVI.—NOTE FOR ADVERTISERS

Certain Branded Goods
I often bought years ago
I never buy now,



COLONEL FITZACRES (RETD.) ATTEMPTS TO INTRODUCE A LITTLE PARA-MILITARY TRAINING
INTO THE HARVEST FIELD.

The Hold-Up

"TALKING of bandits," said Mr. Peach, "did I ever tell you about the time I was in a hold-up?

"Well, I—(Has anybody any tobacco? My pouch is in my blue suit. Thanks.)—I was living in Detroit at the time and a great friend of mine was a clerk in a drug-store there. Man by the name of Sims—Bill Sims. I was working nights and—(Got any matches? Thanks.)—I was working nights, and often when I'd had all the sleep I wanted I used to stroll around to his store and sit behind the counter and spend an hour or so yarning with him. I used to sit on a low box, so that when customers came in they wouldn't see me—that might have been bad for business. Then, when Bill had served 'em, we carried on our talk from where we left off.

"Well, one day business was pretty slack. There hadn't been a customer in the store for fifteen minutes, and Bill and I were talking away to beat the band. Then we heard the door open, so I shut up as usual, and the customer came up to the counter. The first words he said were 'Stick 'em up!' and I saw Bill's arms go up over his head. I didn't need telling to keep quiet—I was just frozen stiff. Then the man said, 'O.K., brother; hand over all the cash you've got and make it snappy; I've left my engine running. And no monkey business!'

"Bill pulled open the drawer in the cash register and took out some money. 'Here you are,' he said, 'five dollars and fifteen cents.' This didn't seem to please the bandit at all, and he said so in several remarkable words. 'That's all there is,' said Bill. 'If you don't believe me, come round and see for yourself.'

"Now I knew darned well Bill would have a lot more than five dollars in that till, so when he invited the bandit to step around to our side of the counter it didn't take much figuring out to know what he was after. The little alleyway leading from the front to the back of the counter was just against where I was sitting, so that as soon as the bandit got behind the counter he'd find me sitting there. I didn't relish the idea one bit, but I guessed Bill must be expecting me to take a hand, so before the bandit came round the corner I took a quick look round and picked up a syphon of soda-water as being the nearest and handiest weapon. The instant the bandit came into view, his gun still aimed at Bill, I let fly with the soda-water straight at his eyes.

"Well, Sir, you'd have seen one highly surprised bandit; if I hadn't have been so scared I'd have laughed. He may have been all right facing machine-guns and revolvers, but when it came to soda-water he just couldn't take it. Before he'd time to think he took a step back, put his hand up to his eyes and dropped his gun; and Bill dove for it in a flash. Inside of two seconds he was on his feet again covering the bandit with his own gun, and there was no more need for me to play soda-water on him like a fireman putting out a blaze.

"Stick 'em up, brother," said Bill, "and no monkey business." And, believe me, the brother stuck 'em up right away. "Now," says Bill, "you wanted a hold-up and you're going to get one. Only I'm going to hold *you* up. Lock the door, Peachy, and then go through his pockets." I did, taking great care to keep on the leeward side of the bandit, not knowing what kind of a marksman Bill was. I found another gun, which I put in my own pocket, forty-five dollars in bills, and some loose silver.

"Five dollars and fifteen cents is the store's, anyhow," says Bill. "How much is there left after that?" "Forty dollars and fifty cents," I told him. "O.K." says Bill, "then we'll start. Brother," he says to the bandit in his smoothest behind-the-counter voice, "you won't find better value in the whole of Detroit, or Chicago or New York for that matter, than you'll find right here in this little drug-store. We have a fine line of toiletries, patent medicines, cigars and cigarettes, newspapers and magazines, candies and soft drinks. And you're going to buy forty dollars and fifty cents' worth. I'm paid on a commission basis here, and it's not every day I serve a forty-dollar customer. You keep him covered with the gun you found in his pocket, Peachy, and I'll practise the Art of Salesmanship."

"How about asking your customer to sit down?" I said. "You surely don't keep 'em standing behind the counter while you load 'em up with forty dollars' worth of merchandise?"

"Certainly not," said Bill, and he flashed a bright smile at the bandit. "Won't you sit down, Sir?" he says. "You'll find a chair on the other side of the counter."

"I wish I could remember all the bandit said; a lot of the words were new to me. But we understood clearly enough that he was refusing Bill's kind offer of a chair. So I started walking towards him with the revolver pointed at his chest, and at every step I took he took one backward, and after

some careful navigating on my part and some helpful instructions from Bill we eventually landed him on a chair.

"Now," says Bill, "suppose we start at the top and work downward. Your hair, Sir—allow me to remove your cap. My dear Sir—dandruff! How very fortunate you should happen to call here! I have in this store the only thing in the world that will permanently cure dandruff," and he took a couple of bottles off the counter. "Here you are, Sir, forty-nine cents and ninety-five cents, and the ninety-five cents contains three times as much as the forty-nine cents. You'll take the ninety-five cents? Thank you, Sir. You'll never regret it. And now, Sir, what about tooth-brushes and tooth-paste?"

"And so Bill went on, selling him a new razor, shaving cream, shaving brush, after-shave lotion, after-shave talcum powder, blade-stropper, cough-drops and so on, right down to a bandage for varicose veins and a box of corn-plasters.

"I don't want to horn in on something that's none of my business," I says to Bill when he'd sold the corn-plasters and showed signs of starting in on cigars and cigarettes, "and I don't profess to know anything about the Art of Salesmanship, but aren't you getting kind of carried away?" "What do you mean?" asked Bill. "Well," I says, "in the pure and blissful joy of an artist practising his art, haven't you forgotten the poor guy's only got forty bucks?"

"Corks!" says Bill, and he came down to earth with a thump. "You're right," he says, after counting up, "our brother here has spent fifty-two dollars. I'm sorry, Sir," he says to the bandit in a very severe tone of voice, "but business in this store is on a strictly cash basis. In no other way could we afford to offer our customers such amazingly low prices." And he put back in their places a hot-water bottle, an expensive manicure-set and three jars of bath salts. "Now," he says, "let's count up again."

"This time it came to forty dollars and twenty-five cents, and Bill started looking around for something worth twenty-five cents to make up the right amount.

"I'm sorry to butt in again," I says, "and it's none of my business, as I said before, but how much is a syphon of soda-water?"

"Corks!" says Bill again. "I'd forgotten all about that. Thank you, Peachy. A syphon of soda-water is fifty cents, with twenty-five cents returned on the empty syphon. Did our brother here return the empty syphon?"



"YOUR LITTLE GIRL SANG BEAUTIFUL AT THE CONCERT LAST NIGHT, MRS. SMITH."
 "SHE DID. WHY, THEY TELL ME ALL SHE WANTS NOW IS A COURSE OF ELECTROCUTION."

"Well," I says, "he never really had it. He seemed more than satisfied with the soda-water alone."

"O.K., then," says Bill, "we'll allow him the twenty-five cents. That makes it exactly forty dollars and fifty cents. I'm sorry," he says to the bandit, "that the extremely small margin of profit upon which we work does not allow us to give our customers any discount, but I can assure you that nowhere, at least not for the next few years, will you get better value than you have in this store this afternoon. And now, Sir, you must allow me to

call you a taxi. No, Sir, we simply won't hear of your using your own car. We always insist on providing free transportation for such valued customers as yourself."

"And with that he phoned for the police."

Shock for Film-Fans

"Joan Crawford uses about 1200 lbs. of beautifier in her forty-week working year, Mr. Dawn estimates, while her own weight is 10 lbs. below that."—*Daily Paper*.
 Isn't she cwt.?

"A HISTORY OF ENGLISH FOOTBALL THE DRIBBLING PERIOD". *Headlines in Surrey Paper.*

First, the infant . . .

"The new Royal chef is M. Legros. He's what we call a typical Frenchman in appearance: he has a small dark moustache."—*Gossip Column*.

Like Herr HITLER.

"The bride wore a gown of oyster satin, the travelling train being made in one with the skirt."—*Local Paper*.
 It must have been cut on the Charing Cross.



"HAVE WE A COPY OF KARL MARX? WELL, THE CHILDREN ARE SURE TO HAVE ONE UP IN THE NURSERY."

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

"Neither Sheep-bell nor Bark"

By Dr. SOMERVILLE and "MARTIN ROSS"
Is The Sweet Cry of Hounds,
 A pair whose pen is, as it ever was,
 The perfect chronicler of those green grounds
 Of Erin where the West blows from the sea
 And mingles with the fox-hound's mellow voice—
 A pair whose wit is, as it used to be,
 One to make hearts rejoice.

Essays are here, essays upon the Chase,
 With tales and the employ
 Of that "just word" which lifts the commonplace
 To the front ranks of genius and joy.
 And do you search from Beersheba to Dan
 To find the word of Fairy, I am very
 Sure that you'll never find a finer than
 "Red Riding-Hood in Kerry."

This book from first to last has, you'll maintain,
 The magic which was born
 When *Major Yeates* resided at Shreelane
 And *Mr. Flurry Knox* first took the horn—
 A magic which exclusively, say I,
 Is theirs who make it where those wet winds blow
 And bind it into books, as this you'll buy
 From METHUEN AND CO.

The Hand-Made Short Story

Only a poet could persist nowadays in creating short stories that are next-of-kin to lyrics, and only Mr. WALTER DE LA MARE could have produced the leisurely, gracious, finely-wrought eleven collected in *The Wind Blows Over* (FABER AND FABER, 8/6). Their pace is deliberate but never slack, their graciousness has no hint of condescension, and their fineness of texture is such that I find it hard to picture them in the ordinary machine-made context of serial appearance. Some—like the poignant by-play of a great war exhibited "In the Forest"—relate the small side of big events. Some embody a poet's criticism of this brazen world. "The Revenant," for instance, comments on biographical muck-raking and on lecturers who hint plagiarism because poets "gild the silver they borrow." There is praise too for a "goddess whose name is Silence," and a timely reminder that "all gregarious functions are rather dehumanising." Of course there are children: the *Rosie alias Nella* whose flight from a terrible nurse is so exquisitely accompanied by "Miss Miller," and *Philip and Dick of "The Trumpet,"* the setting of whose tragedy is perhaps the rarest in a book most delightfully rich in memorable backgrounds.

The Lighthearted Cynic

Rumfustian (DENT), by JUDITH FAY,
 Though slender as a narrative,
 Delights me by the skilful way
 She makes fantastic people live;

She seems to draw on an immense,
An almost limitless supply
Of cynically commonsense,
Nonsensical frivolity.

True, you may fancy now and then
The squibs have got a touch of damp
Or else that possibly her pen
Is suffering from writers' cramp;
But no, it's just a breathing-space;
A page or two ahead reveals
That she's once more resumed the race
And you're in chuckles at her heels.

The tale, as I have said, is lean,
And, though I hate to criticise,
Its incidents, I feel, are seen
Too obviously through female eyes;
And there's so much within her scope
Which might be told as this is told
That I'm impatient in the hope
That she will many more unfold.

A Victorian Teacher in the Making

I wonder if any aspect of English social life has been less fundamentally thought out than its education of women? The helpless "gentlewoman" gambling on matrimony (with a bitter reversion to governesshood in the background) has seen herself trained by her well-wishers for competition with men without a thought that it might have been possible to enrich her own territory before invading another's. The early stages of emancipation—Higher Education *versus* Domesticity—show the heroine of *A London Child of the Seventies* and *Vivians* prepared for the grim career of an overworked teacher, her cultivated home, genial mother and affectionate brothers contrasted—the irony is, I think, unconscious—with the North London Collegiate School, its autocratic Miss BUSS, ineffectual staff, crude pupils and régime of cram and coercion. A humbler span of the Cambridge Training College and subsequent teaching mitigated by pleasant Yorkshire holidays usher in the happy woeman who transforms MOLLY THOMAS into Mrs. VIVIAN HUGHES. Retailed with unforgiving candour, simplicity and zest, *A London Girl of the Eighties* (OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, 7/6) has the glamour of its honesty, courage and singleheartedness. I particularly commend its delightful home-made pictures.

A Defiance to Despair

The Anatomy of Frustration (CRESSET PRESS, 7/6) is also called *A Modern Synthesis*. At first sight this looks rather like a contradiction in terms; actually the title implies a problem, the sub-title its attempted solution. Once more Mr. H. G. WELLS, indefatigable in cosmic benevolence, examines the shapelessness (and worse) of things as they are that he may discern and direct the shape of things to come. Though not writing fiction, he has presented us



"I'VE BIN CALLED THE DAFTEST-LOOKIN' ASS IN THE SHIP SO OFTEN THAT I WAS BEGINNIN' TO BELIEVE IT, BUT AFTER SEEIN' THAT BLOKE I 'AVE 'ORRIBLE DOUBTS."

with a fictitious vehicle of his ideas—one *William Burroughs Steele*, American business man and philosopher, the author of a vast and comprehensive treatise, of which this short volume is a critical summary with copious quotations. The device, however, does not matter very much, for if the voice is the voice of *Steele* the thought is the well-known thought of WELLS, at once minutely analytical and ranging freely among immensities—examining the causes of our discontents and disappointments, finding at the root of the discord which defeats our noblest aims and deepest desires nothing but accident and logomachy, and holding bravely to the potentiality of a "world community of candid individuals, thinking freely, 'liberal-socialist,' at once experimental and devoted, intensely themselves and

mystically united"—Men of Good Will, in short, in a Brave New World. If Mr. WELLS does not actually promise us this happy destiny, his vision of it and his reasoned faith in it are at least an encouragement.

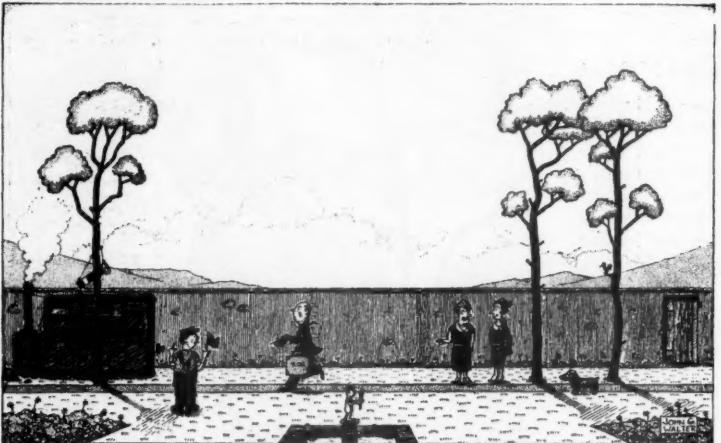
"That Rum, Delightful Man"

A devotee of *Lavengro* and *The English Opium Eater*, I have never brought myself to read a biography of BORROW or of DE QUINCEY, and, since *Hail and Farewell* is at least as often by my bedside as those other classics of imaginative autobiography, it was with no little reluctance that I opened *The Life of George Moore* (GOLLANCZ, 15/-). I so feared (and not, as it proves, without reason) that what under the sweetest of literary persuasions I had gladly accepted for verity I should be obliged by cold and documented history to reject. But, after all, MOORE himself always insisted that his trilogy was a novel, and on his own showing there was much that was trivial and rather absurd in his composition, and not a little of which one ought to disapprove. So from Mr. JOSEPH HONE's pages one need not really apprehend too sharp a disillusionment; it is only that some of the most acceptable passages in that already legendary life as we have hitherto known it must henceforth be relegated to the category of the *ben trovato*. The essence of "that rum, delightful man," as Mr. GERALD KELLY called him, is still inviolate in his books, while Mr. HONE's facts and even his corrections are always interesting, and the early letters which he publishes emphasise the miracle that one who grew to maturity practically illiterate should have made himself (*pace* Mr. YEATS) a master of prose. Mr. HONE, a friend of MOORE's latter years, has done his work well, though it cannot be said that there are any outstanding graces in the writing.

The Tichborne Trials

Probably no cases in legal history have been more thoroughly discussed in print than the two, civil and criminal, arising out of the claim of ARTHUR ORTON, son of a Wapping butcher, to the name and estates of ROGER CHARLES TICHBORNE. Seeing yet another book dealing with the subject, one is almost tempted to treat it as cursorily as the editor of a well-known Indian paper is said to have treated the once famous GORHAM case. The full report of the evidence, which I believe is still available, though in places extraordinarily interesting and amusing and full of sidelights on the social history of the mid-Victorian age, is of somewhat wearisome length. But

Lord MAUGHAM, in *The Tichborne Case* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 15/-), manages somehow to infuse a fresh interest into the old story. Reading it once again one marvels how the Claimant could ever have imposed upon his supporters, least of all upon Lady TICHBORNE. Surely no impersonator in history could have been less qualified to play the part he assumed. At the start his knowledge of ROGER TICHBORNE's early life was practically *nil*. He could remember nothing whatsoever of his boyhood in France, his life at Stonyhurst, his military service in the Carabiniers. He knew no French whatsoever, though ROGER spoke French better than English. The letters he wrote to his supposed mother, filled with the most absurd mistakes in spelling and grammar, should have been enough, one imagines, to destroy his case entirely. Then, again, there were the tattoo-marks on the arm, deposed to by a crowd of unimpeachable witnesses, which the Claimant did not possess, and the fact that ROGER, as was clearly shown by a daguerreotype he had sent home from Santiago, had no lobes to his ears, whereas ORTON had. But in spite of these damning facts the unfortunate defendants in the original action had to pay costs amounting to over £91,000, chiefly because the Claimant was given ample time and opportunity to learn his part as the play went on.



MY HUSBAND CALLS IT 'CATCHING THE EIGHT-FOOT'. IT'S HIS WAY OF KEEPING FIT SINCE HE RETIRED FROM BUSINESS.

appeared in these pages over the initials "H. B."

Ornithological Inexactitude

"Briefly, the position is that chickens have come home to roost in the dovecot at Geneva, and the three major Powers are left with the feeling that somewhere there is a cuckoo in the nest."—*Irish Paper*.

"Little things like spilling salt and waking under adders do not worry airmen in the least."—*Dundee Paper*.
They just spill a little of the salt on the tails of the adders.

"FOR THE HANDS.—Put $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of lard in a basin and stand in boiling water till it melts."—*Domestic Chat*.

And what about the feet?

Cool Welcome

"Captain Travers reported an east-south-east wind of about 15 m.p.h., which will be presented to the winner by General Smuts at a banquet in honour of the competitors."—*Leicester Paper*.

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